## The Preyed Upon Fashionable New York Society

ant and Cable Boy, Is Welcomed by the American Wife, and Swindles, the soknowledged queen

his social career among aveless little transaction ebaum' in Blackwell's set-back ended his career renew his conquests in penitentiary record the higher title and changed

gory's'd exploits in Lon-

sit to America that is the or splurge in New York, Baron Gruenebaum' of New York's famous adventurer came back to cam of select society as

ends, and there is scarcely cial Register whom the ell did this engaging jailk's most exclusive clubs, on Square Garden Horse te Newport Horse Show, tti millionaire sportsmen,

aristocrat play his part se Show judges, and the ribbons at his hands; or against their pets in the

ook on a rich American of this enraptured bride w York, and will be deourtship by the "Count"

this blind, unquestioning because he aped the man-begus title. But another ster. His wicked scheme vanton career, so that the ms to be plucked for his this is the blackest chap-

from week to week on

with women of the world, and none was known as an easy

Reginald Vanderbilt was known as a "cold" proposition. He had few women, in one sense of the word, Sam Wilson was a friend of every pretty woman, captivated by none. Atkinson enjoyed feminine companionship, but only for the passing amusement of it. Mathews was a stickler for dignity-one could not imagine him losing his head over anything. Yet to be known as a friend of any one of these men was just the open sesame I wished for my protege.

I had stationed Alma in anreally a Hapsburg The idea was ir claimed. In a ! the party.

I had instructed her to make a striking impression. She exerted all her skill. She had practised constantly for weeks

lent love to her. The two men were the best of friendsfriend's head.

princess from Austria. Invitations began to pour in upon Mrs. Hayne for teas, dances and receptions. Occasionally some parvenu wrote her, using the title I had supplied-Princess Alma. All of these Alma returned unceremoniously. She never used her title openly. She objected every time anyone addressed her with it. She carried on the subterfuge that of course I cannot-call myself a princess until the Emperor has given me permission." It was a very pretty way of exciting interest and sympathy.

Alma and I discussed our plans with thoroughness and care. We agreed that we would not allow any one man' to monopolize her-at least not for any continued length

"If old --- falls in love with you," I said, "and wants you all to himself he will set you up in a fine establishment, pay all the bills and give you a piece of jewelry now

victim of feminine wiles.

other part of the track club house. When the party gathered I suggested to the gentlemen that I present them to my charming friend, "the young Mrs. Hayne, who is, you know, ments Mrs. Hayne joined my guests and at once became the life of

at the game of small talk-and she could hold her own even with the witty Sam Wilson. The more stolid Vanderbilt was no match for her at all.

Much to my concern I began to notice a rivalry between Mr. Wilson and Mathews for her favor. I was astonished at this manifestation. I tried my best to steer her away from a dangerous course, but failed. She simply was following my instructions-trying to impress these good fellows with her charm; trying to show them that, though she was a princess, she was a worthy one and a good fellow as well, but she succeeded too well.

Suddenly there was a commotion. Harsh words passed between Wilson, the imperturbable, and Mathews, the dignified. Both had been trying to monopolize her, and their purposes crossed. Soon they were making viocronies for years-but that was forgotten for the moment under the siren spell of this young woman. Mathews, reaching across the table for the bottle out of which we had just poured Scotch whiskey, caught it by the neck, and before we could prevent him had broken it over his

One may imagine the sensation that ensued. I hastily escorted Mrs. Hayne from the scene, while attendants scurried around for a doctor. Wilson was carried to a neighboring drug store, where he was treated and was then taken home. Mathews was led into the club house,

soothed and escorted to his club. The next day both Mathews and Wilson were sorry. None was so regretful as Mrs. Hayne herself. She communicated with both men, and was so tactful in her regrets that both apologized to her for the unfortunate occurrence and became her fast friends. The incident was gossiped about all over town, however, and suddenly there was a great, absorbing interest in this mysterious

> she said thoughtfully. "There is where I shall expect to guide and safeguard you. I shall select your devotees with care-elderly men of family and position who cannot afford a scandal. "But not too old!" Alma exclaimed with a gentle tone of misgiving.

a Hapsburg."

desire money."

expected jewels."

be-well-rather promiscuous?"

"Well, then---!" Alma queried.

"Exactly, your Highness."

"You shall never have cause to challenge my discretion and good judgment. But there is one thing you

"Well, then, my noble Count Gregory, you advise me

"Not exactly," I replied. "I would suggest avoiding

to-to distribute my-er-royal favors to several? To

the mistake of becoming the exclusive possession of one

individual for very long. Jewels are delightful and fas-

cinating; but not so satisfactory as checks. When an

admirer feels that he possesses you and is cheerfully pay-

ing your bills he cannot understand why you should still

"But if you are maintaining your own establishment, why, then, of course, your worshipful knights will gladly

contribute liberal checks for your comfort as well as the

interest, "and the more contributors to my 'comforts' the

golden balls can I juggle in the air without a disaster!'

more money as well as jewels to divide with you."

"I understand perfectly," said the "Princess" with

"Well, that is entirely agreeable to me. But how many

must pledge me' What?" she asked quickly.

"Not to permit yourself to become attached to any of your admirers." "Oh, you silly boy!" she laughed. "I half believe you're going to be jealous. But seriously, how can I pos-

sibly fall in love with these bald-headed old money-bags

I'm to meet?" "You can't. But you are sure to meet other and "And there won't be much real money for dear Count younger men than those I present to you. Some young

"Your Highness displays the true keenness of mind of chap will fall in love with you and insist on marrying

> "Have no fears, Count Gregory. My heart is burglarproof. We are partners. If I stupidly fall in love and marry some worthy worshipper and become respectableit breaks up our partnership and destroys our business. No, no! Believe me, my dear Count Gregory, I am too clever to do such a silly thing."

> Mrs. Hayne meant every word she said in all sincerity -and yet she finally did exactly that very thing, and it

> brought an end to our prosperous partnership. This unfortunate but real love affair of Alma's was a great blow to me, and I will give the details of it later on in its proper place. Let me now return to the situation as it stood at the time of our little business conference as

> I have just related it. I now began to look around for the man, necessarily rich and generous, who was to supply Alma with the fortune I expected her to win. I knew many such men, but I wished to pick my victim very carefully. I wanted one who would not create a fuss when the inevitable happened—and he became supplanted. I wanted one, too, who would not be in a position to stand disclosure.

> After a study of the Social Register and a book which lists all the rich directors of great corporations I selected man who, I knew, had a penchant for pretty women. He was the president of a bank; was reputed to be worth fifty millions of dollars; was married to a housewifely sort of woman, who attempted merely to hold her own in society; and his station in the financial world was such that he never could afford a scandal. All New York would know his name should I care to mention it. Suppose, however, we call him Hardy, which certainly was not his real name.

Mr. Hardy lunched every day at a regular hour at the Beaux Arts restaurant, one of the garish places in the theatrical district. He occupied the same table every day, and each day brought with him to the restaurant an Aireda' dog, which was his especial pet and which accomm to his office daily. This dog he left in the

"With a gay little laugh and a sly glance Alma nodded her acquiescence. In a moment the portly banker was sitting at her table, his hand reaching nervously for the one she kept just avoiding him. They discussed me, of course. She was charmed by his attention. She chided him for his unconventional mode of approach."

restaurant ante-room, in the care of the hat boy, while he ate his lunch.

I knew Mr. Hardy quite well. I managed to be invited to lunch with him one day. While we sat over our coffee Mrs. Hayne, by prearrangement, came in and sat at a table quite near. I excused myself and went over to speak to her. After a few words I returned to Mr. Hardy's table. He asked me at once, as I knew he would, who the charming young woman might be. When I had explained he commented upon her beauty and asked a few more questions—then changed the subject. I noticed, how-

ever, that his eyes wandered in her direction occasionally. Every day after that Mrs. Hayne lunched at the Beaux Arts at the same hour, and at the same table. Always just across the open space that divides the tables was Mr. Hardy, the banker. Each day his glances in her direction grew more persistent-aided by her habit of giving him a sweeping glance, half of recognition, as if remembering having noticed him on the first day when I left

him to speak to her. She never allowed her eyes to linger on his, however, never gave him the slightest excuse for recognizing her. Once or twice she left her table just as Mr. Hardy began to pay his check, and a moment later was caught by him in the act of petting his Airedale waiting in the ante-room. On these occasions she blushed and retired quickly at his

After a week or so of this preliminary skirmishing I



